I was on some Government duty last year in New South Wales that took me into the local post-office. In the back parlor at the Gundaroo post-office I had a long chat with the son of the postmistress—a fine young fellow, per-haps a little over thirty. He was man-ager to a local sheep king, and rejoiced the curious Christian name of Het. The following is his account of the circumstances that led to his being so

I was there certainly; but I don't re member much about it. I was told. I can vouch for the truth of it, for she and him, too, often and often have told it to me, and others. They've told it apart, each by their two selves, and they often tell it together—she telling about him, making him out to have been the hero, and he telling it all so that she was the hero-heroine, I should say. Eut I expect each of em always told it in about the same words. You Eut I expect each of 'em always see it was an epoch like, and sort of fixed itself in their memories—and what happened after fixed it firmer yet.

I've been manager on this station, up behind here, eight years; and I was "boy" here [pointing with his pipe-stem to the fleer] eight years; at school here in Gundaroo till 1 was fourteen; so I suppose it must have been thirtyfour years ago—near enough.

The colony was not settled near so

much as it is now. The coach from Svdney didn't reach Gundaroo not by three days' ride, and the mails were carried on horseback, once a week, the rest of the way. After the coach-road for a bit—say twenty miles—the track was good enough, and there were sta-tions further than that, but by the end of the first day's ride you reached the last house or hat you were to see till you sighted Gundaroo.

The first night the mail-carrier put

up at "Paddy's Shanty," a sort of an inn on the track. The next morning he started—all alone, mind you, with valuable mail-bags—across as nasty a piece of bush as you'll find in Austra-lia, and I suppose that says in the world. It was all ti-tree scrub. If you know what that is you'll understand. Never seen any? Oh, well, its scrubthat is, all little tares, with their leaves all on the top. All of em alike. Just too slender and weak to bear a man's climbing up one to look round; too far apart for you to swarm up two at once, arms and legs, you know; and yet too close for you to see sun or stars, night nor day. That sort of scrub is the cruelest of all. If you know your way, well and good; but if you once get wrong. Lord help you! You're bushed as sure as you're alive. Unless you chance on a track, or come across acamp you may lie down and give it up. As long as your water-barr'l holds out—so'll you. After that you may give yourself a day or two to die in ; perhaps another two days, if you're a tough sort. Your bones 'll be there years after. Well, that's what he had to ride through for hours and hours the second day and at night he ought to be about through it, if he kept the track, and made out to reach the open again. Then the track was across a fern gully, with a creek at the bottom; and there he camped for the night. Then he had an eighty-mile ride the next day, straight through the Blue-gum forest into Gundaroo. The chap that rode with the mails

then was a splendid fellow. Standard his name was. Too heavy p'raps for a postman, as we understand em, but just the man for that work in those days. It wanted a fellow full of pluck, as strong as a horse, and with all his wits about him. Besides the dangers of the track, and creeks to ford, and the heat, and the snakes at night, there was the lopeliness. That one fellow, all alone in that great wild district, riding through the hours in the perfect liness under the sky ; no chance of seeing a soul, and probably not wanting to neither, as things was then. If any one did just happen to come across the mail carriers in those days it wasn't generally for no good.

He used to say: "When a man's got

her Majesty's precious mail-bags, with her own red seals on 'em, in front of the saddle, and only the usual number of hands for pistols, and reins, and all, he don't care much if he don't see no one all the ride through." He wasn't one to boast, wasn't Standard but he had once to defend the mails, with three to one against him, and tried for manslaughter, too, for the way he done it, and acquitted, and carried out of the court on the chaps' shoulders. They tell that tale still here in Gundaroo.

The time I'm telling you of was in the hot season. The ground was all cracked and dry. There hadn't been a drop of rain for months and months, and lots of the creeks was empty. Gundaroo it had been very bad, and the district round was terrible in want of water.

On the Saturday after New-Year's Day, when Standard left "Paddy's Shanty," it was a hot wind, awful to ride in. They thought rain was coming, The boss at the shanty told Stand-

ard, as he fixed up his water-barr'l be keeper and his wife and child, and his chum, had started the day before for a station where they'd got a berth. They had to follow the Gundaroo track a bit and then strike across the bush to the station. "It isn't far they've to go," he said, "but they're new chums, and the woman looked a bit delicate, as well as having a young baby to carry. "They've only two horses then," says Standard, looking along the track, "un-

less the third horse flew.' "No," says the boss; "the woman rode behind one of the men, turn and turn about. A fine young woman she

· It's to be hoped the chaps hadn't much else to carry, then," says Stan-dard. "I couldn't carry another couple of pounds-let alone a woman and baby-on Lady, without knocking

her up."
"Well, you ain't got to," says the
boss; and laughs as he watches Standard put Lady into a steady canter
along the track, where the two sets of hoof-marks showed in the sand.

Lady was a fine black mare.

swift, but just a thought too light for Standard and the bags, some said. He wouldn't allow it. He said: "She reaches Gundaroo as fresh as need be on Monday night, and by the time she has to start on Thursday she's wild to be on the road." He only travelled once a fortnight on her. The other week he rode a roan, a bigger brite but not half so sensible and kind-ke as Lady. She was a born lady, Standard used to say. Her mother was because whereas the road of the same as the s Duchers, whereas the roan was the son of Milkmaid, although he was called Emperor. She could have gone the whole way alone if need be, he said;

she was so trustworthy.

Well, he used to tell it how he rode through that Saturday in the ti-tree scrub, thinking of the party on in front. in whose fracks he was galloping. It was just near the end of the scrub, he noticed, where they left off, and started on a scarcely visible track to the station away to the left, fifty miles or so.

He used to say he must have ridden a couple of hours, perhaps, when he saw something on the track like a dead saw something on the track like a dead person or horse. He had his hand on his pistol as he trotted up to it, he said, thinking of the mails, when he saw it wasn't a horse or a man, but a tail slip of a young woman, dead, or perhaps only dying, laid on the ground with her back propped against a tree and a poor little baby clinging to her breast.

"Lord of all!" muttered Standard, as he jumped of Lady's back and stood over the woman. He raised her as ten-

derly almost as she would have done her own child. The little one, he used to say, started crying—a kind of wail— and opened its eyes in that sort of way that you know it hadn't long stopped crying, but just woke up, and began again where it had left off. I've two kids of my own now, and I know—not that they've ever had to lie alongside a mother as good as dead and try to get cry pitiful, too; so I know how he

neant to say this particular kid cried. Standard hadn't no need to tether Lady to make her stop alongside, she was such a reasonable beast; but he out her bridle over a tree branch for all

Then he laid the little one on its mother's shawl and set to work to bring the mother to. He'd seen men exhausted and laid down to die from thirst and fatigue come round, but he wasn't sure, he said, if a woman had to be done for the same as a man—he was a single chap then. But he set to and got a little water first, and then water with a dash of brandy in it, between her blue lirs, and rubbed her bread and had his own tea, he gave her bread and had his own tea, he gave her see 'em, and take them if she liked, see 'em, and take them if she liked. He was always a bit of a dandy. But he kept on giving her water and spirit as she could take it till she could feel herself more comfortable. He didn't say nothing to her about the comb and glass, because, being a bachelor, of course he felt delicate about start talking to her then, knowing she start taking to her then, knowing she wanted all her strength to come round; but he put the baby back in her arms, and the mother in her prompted her like to take a good long pull at the drink in the billy—so as the kid might get some once in awhile, you know.

After a bit she started to cry in a low

When he came back, he says, he

sort of way, and then Standard, he sat found the baby asleep and smoothed by her and cheered her up, and told and tidied somehow, and the woman her not to take on. He told her she as neat as a pin—women are so clever was found, and that all the worst of at straightening themselves-and being lost was done with, and not to cry, and so on. All the time, poor fel-low, though he didn't hurry her, he knew he was losing time dreadfully, and would hardly make the creek to says—sewing up a tear in her frock, camp by before nightfall. Thinking where it had caught in one of the sadof that he suddenly remembered the | dle buckles. Standard didn't say no woman had got to go, too, or be left to thing much that night, but he had die where she was. Standard was wendering what the deuce he should do shelter of branches and fern and seen wondering what the deuce he should do shelter of branches and fern and seen with her, when she started and told the mother and baby laid down unhim how she came there. It seemed | der it one side of the fire, she was the wife of the storekeeper, Pannerman, that the boss "Paddy's Shanty" had spoken of, and she says, thought out what he'd decided to do. when they had gotten part way through the scrub (two days before, mind you), they stopped to change her on to the they stopped to change her on to the other horse and allow 'em to stand about a bit to stretch their legs, the two couldn't carry him as well. Very well; men. The fools never hitched the horses to anything! All of a sudden a snake slid across the track, right unthrough the forest alone, he knew, and der the woman's feet. She screamed | if only the girl would have the pluck to out, and that startled the horses. Off trust herself to the mare and just sit they went—bolted clean into the scrub, still and hold the reins they'd all get to they went-bolted clean into the scrub, carrying every blessed thing they got with them-water, matches, the billy, and everything. Her husband and his chum tore after them, telling her to be sure and stop where she was. She sat there all alone, and there she'd sit! First waiting patient, and then a little frightened and nervous as the time went on. Then

when it got dark and into the night, they didn't come, scared out of her life, and shouting, shouting to 'em to guide 'em to come back; and she tells how she stood there, not daring to move, but trying to see over the trees, and shouting till she couldn't speak, and they never come. By and by she got thirsty and faint, and the child was crying for drink and she'd nothing for the child was crying for drink and she'd nothing for feed, too, he thought. And she must Then she walked on, hoping to get take one of the pistols.

His chief fear was she'd be too soft.

in on her, and she sank down exhausted, | yet he knew it couldn't be done under and must have been in a sort of sleep a couple of days, or more likely four if and swoon, mixed, till Standard found She says to Standard : "They must

be killed,"and cries awfully.
"Poer fellows," said Staudard. He knew that being "killed" would be be the pleasant to dying of thirst, as they most too! likely would do once they got lost there. But he tried to comfort her, and to separating the things he was going to please her he shouts again. Though, keep from those he was going to send as he said, after two days, and she and on with the "Royal She-mail," as he the baby shouting all they could most of the time, and they not come back it at the two sleeping the other side of weren't likely they were within hail the fire under the open sky. The kid now! He made her understand this at last. Says he, "Very like- arms; but the mother was lying just ly they's got to camp," to com-fort her, you understand. Then he started to say how was they and the ard, who noticed everything, made a baby to get out of this? She didn't

want to move from where she was, poor woman, in case her husband should woman, in case her husband should go on in the morning.

After he'd fed Lady, about 5 croomed her up in style, by stopping here, and if you get quick to Gundaroo, you could tell 'em to send out a search party, and herida. your little one can't manage another night in the bush." 'No, sir," she says. She was a gen-

tle, docile thing, and see he was right; and then she says to him, helpless and grateful like: "Could we ride behind

Poor Standard! He felt stumped. looked at the tall young woman and the baby and then at himself and the horse already well weighted with his ten miles or so to be done that night before they got to the creek. It was late now-nearly seven. It would be dark as pitch in the scrub before they got there, even if Lady could carry all that lead so far as that; but as to carrying them all to Gundaroo, eighty reiles further on, he knew she couldn't do it. Eesides, nothing was allowed to delay the mails. He would be late as it was for the stop he'd made. It must be a couple of days, at best, beextra weight.

So Standard stood for a moment or two and thought it all over, while he watched the girl (for she was no more) straighten herself and the child and struggle to stand. Seeing her stagger a bit called him to himself, and he thinks as he gave her his hand to steady her, "Damn her Majesty's mail regula-tions! I'll take her, somehow!"

So he gets his blanket out of his kit and straps it behind the saddle, and then he took and laid the baby on the tree-root, while he swung the woman on the blanket behind the saddle. Then he banded her up the child and got carefully into the saddle himself, leaving them all the room he could, she used to say. Lady rooked 'round a bit doubtful of the extra weight and the dangling petticoats on one side, but started right enough when Standard told her it had got to done.

There wasn't much said on the ride. It was rough stepping, and Lady 'd to pick her way, and Standard had to help her and steady the poor lass behind with the baby in her right arm and her left hand on his belt; and she was looking and looking on both sides to see if she could see the two men. Except to beg Standard to stop a min-ute and shout once or twice in case her husband and his chum was near, sho never spoke. Standard knew it must be hopeless, and the further they got the more hopeless it must get; but he was a tender-hearted fellow, and he couldn't stand hearing the poor soul crying in a hopeless sort of way behind him and not do something to please her. But all the way the baby lay there as peaceful and comfortable as

we are now this minute. When they got to the creek it was nearly dark, and the woman was swaying in the saddle, though she'd sat straight enough at first. Noticing this,

Standard says, suddenly: "Missus, bave you ever rode alone?" She gives a sort of start, and sits up

and says: "Oh, yes, I've rode a great deal when I was a girl; but I'm that tired now and feel so weak that I can't sit up." She thought he was wonder-ing at her leaning against him so heavy. But that wasn't what Standard was mother as good as dead and try to get fed and warned at a breast as cold as that poor soul's. Thank God, no! But that wasn't what Standard was that poor soul's. Thank God, no! But that wasn't what Standard was thinking. He knew himself what it was to sway, nearly to falling straight out of the saddle, from fatigue and want of food and water than the standard wasn't what standard wasn't wasn't wasn't what standard wasn't wasn' fatigue and want of food and water.
No, he was thinking of a plan for the
next day. When they got to the creek
he sets the woman down, and hobbles Lady, and gives her mouth a sponge out and a bit of a rub, to last till be could see her when she was cool that. Certainty is worth a deal of faith when it's about being let alone in a ti- (no fear of the wood being wet in a bo (no fear of the wood being wet in a bosenson hereabout) together for a first ree scrub, without your horse and kit. sesson hereabout, together for a fire.

Then he laid the little one on its and as soon as it burns up puts the biliy tween her blue lips, and rubbed her bread, and had his own tea, he gave her forehead and hands well, and laid her a towel and told her she'd feel better so as the blood—once the spirit had started it again—could flow a bit quicker to her poor brain. A bushman went off to see to Lady, and before he has to be a bit of a leaf. has to be a bit of a doctor, you know.

Then the baby started to help by giving ing-glass he carried where she could

> stretched himself on the other side, The woman and child must get to Gundaroo, and before the next night, too; Gundaroo safe as a church. She could then deliver up the bags at the post-office and tell them to send out a search party to look after her husband and his chum and a horse to meet him. He knew he was sure to get into

trouble with the authorities for risking it, especially if it failed; and he knew, tco, that it was no fun to be left to walk through the forest in riding-boots and breeches and with nothing but a few biscuits and a pistol. The water barr'l he meant to fill and fix in its place behind the saddle, and the rest of the tin of milk and the bread (damper,

some water; and then, she said, the trees seemed all to wave about and close hearted to like to leave him behind, and said, "Damn her Majesty's mails he daren't delay 'em so long, for all that. "Damning" wouldn't hurt 'em or him either, but delaying 'em would be the very devil for them and him,

> As soon as it was light he set to work about as uncomfortably as it's possible to lie, so as to shelter the child. Stand note of this, and thought he'd work on

when he saw the woman, after her night's rest, in the fresh early morn ing, and had got her to eat a bit of break-fast, be was quite pleased to see how much better she looked.

He'd a great work, he said, to make her go without bim, though she wasn't a bit afraid for herself. He had to say He didn't know what to say. He she shouldn't be so far behind, and swear he could walk pretty nearly as fast as Lady 'd go, and so on He showed her how to fire the pistol, and camping kit and the mails. It wasn't told her to let Lady choose the way possible, and he knew it. There was if she felt doubtful about the track among the gum trees. Of course he cheered her up all he could, though feeling bad at letting a woman and a baby go alone all that way. You see there were bushrangers to be feared then. He was afraid to say much about taking care of the mails for fear of frightening her. He just said, there they was, in front of the saddle, and that she must take 'em straight to the office and not let any one must be a couple of days, at best, be-fore he'd get there, carrying all that Then he told her about sending the two parties back to meet him and her has-He said-as he saw her sitting so easily in the saddle and the baby lying in her lap, tied to her by her shawl, and her right arm free for the pistol, if need be, his spirits rose a bitshe looked able to do it. He wanted to give her his mail badge, but she says no, she wouldn't have it. She'd be safer without it. He didn't quite see what she meant. But when it was all over-but there, if I tell you the story that way you'll know how it ended too

Well, there ain't much more to tell, after all. Mother, she rode straigh along the track into Gundaroo. Ah! see I've told you now! Yes; it was my mother, that was, and I'm the baby She said why she wouldn't wear the badge was for the same reason as she hung her shawl over the mail-bags as soon as she was out of Standard's sight. No one, she thought, would think a

woman and child worth robbing. She left him just at the beginning of the forest. He says he walked by the horse a bit to see how she carried her, and then he let ker start off at a gentle canter. He used to say he never felt so dead lonely as when the brave young creature turned round and waved her hand and says, "Good bye, and God bless you for saving his life!"—meaning me in her arms-and then was hid from him in the trees.

Well, to cut a long story short, mo ther and me rode into Gundaroo at 9 o'clock—two and a half hours after time. 'All the place turns out to see time. 'All the place turns out to see who it was, A woman riding alons with a baby! They were all so took up with the young woman [my mother was a very personable young woman] they never noticed she was on Lady, though there must have been lots as knew Standard's mare well enough.

Mother was dead tired; and I was

seleep, as comfortable as I am now by

this fire.
She rideastraight up to the post-office and one of the chaps lifts ner down but she wouldn't let one on 'em touch the mail-bags, but drags them off her the mail-bags, but drags them off her-self, and says, standing on the deorstep with me in her arms, and the mails at her feet: "If you please, gentlemen, I've brought in the mails. The gentle-men lent me his horse. I was lost; and will you send a horse to meet him. He's walking from the fern gully. And Lady is to be seen to, please." And then she drops down on the step pretty nich done.

nigh done.

The chaps set to and cheered herthe chaps set to and the ed her-cheer after cheer, till mother was drawn in out of the noise by the postmaster's wife, who told them they ought to know better than make a lady so shame-faced, so tired as she was, too. The old lady was quite as astonished as any of them, for all she said to the chaps to hold their noise, and quite proud to have the first bearing of it all from mother, as she put her and me to bed in her own room. Well the end of it was, Standard he was met right enough and brought in the next afternoon. But they never found my poor father and his chum-not till months after, and then it was bones they found. Mother, she staid on and helped the postmistress at Gundaroo, who was getting oldish. So that's how a woman brought her Majesty's mails into Gundaroo, and

that's why I'm called Het.
Don't see why? Oh! I forgot to say
that when I was christened, a month or so after, mother called me after Standard, as he had saved us both. Didn't I tell you his name was Hector?—Het, for short. Het Standard he was-I'm Het Bannerman; but mother, she is Mrs. Het Standard now, postmistress at Gundaroo. I dessay you guessed as

RHODE ISLAND REVOLUTION. John W. Davis, Democratic Governor-Elect.

A staunch Democrat has been elected Covernor of Rhode Island, giving the little State more than its usual importance in the political struggle always in progress. Changing its party contrary to all expectations, the tiny Commonwealth is the subject of endless scolding and measureless laudation.



opinion, however, as to the citizen whom "Little Rhody" has honored with its highest public gift. John W. Davis, appraiser of merchandise in the Providence custom-house, it is agreed on all sides is in intelligence and character an excellent man for the office to which be has been elected.

He was born in Rehoboth, Mast., be

ephews he started in trade at Madison. is. His grain business at Pawtucket long established and a large in-rest. "Honest John W. Davis," he is called in Providence and Pawtucket, has repeatedly been elected a member of the Pawtucket Town Council, and has been twice pre-sident of that body. He was elected State senator in 1885 and 1886. In Ocober last, when appointed by President Cleveland as appraiser of foreign merchandise for the district of Providence, he resigned his senatorship. The Governor-elect has always been a Democrat and an earnest worker for his party, but never an office-seeker.

In person he is well preserved, erect, and dignified. He is genial, good natured, and popular. His public gifts include the fluent and forcible expression of views which are stamped with originality.

Russian Policy at Home and

Advices from St. Petersburg say that the Czar has abandoned his projected visit to the Cossaek capital—Novo-Tcharkssk-owing to the discontent and turbulence prevailing among the Cossacks. According to the same advices, a deputation of Cossaeks recently visited St. Petersburg for the purpo of having an audience with the Uzar and Czarewich, but were compelled to return to their country without having been received. Secret agents and public officials among the Don Cossacks report that the dissatisfaction is wide spread. They say the country is over-run with revolutionary emissaries, whose propaganda is welcomed by the

people.
The North German Gazette, referring to the report that the Czar is about to confer upon M. de Giers, the Eussian Minister of Foreign Affairs, the grand cross of the Order of St. Vladi mir, says that this proposed action of the Czar reäffirms the policy of M. de Giers. It says: "The foreign press, especially the French press, is mistaken if it supposes that the views of M. Katkoff represent the policy of Russia. The Czar and M. de Giers alone conduct the Russian policy, which is pacific, possibly indifferent, toward Germany, and certainly in nowise hos-tile. The French revancheurs cherish the hope of a war between Russia and Germany; but it will be a disadvantage to France if the press succeeds in establishing this wrong idea in the minds of the French.'

At the Auction.

(San Francisco Chronicle.) They have a new and elegant house and they are still going to auctions They keep their eyes open all the time. and they examine every piece of bric-à-brac they come across. They are busy brac they come across. They are busy getting bargains to add to the beauty of the establishment, and when they don't see snything fitted for the dining-room they look out for something to furnish the back-yard with. They tell you the breakfast-room is in redwood and the staircases finished in cedar and the bannisters maple and kitchen floor is brick, all the the same breath. Well, he saw alovely dinner-set at an auction he tumbled into a few days ago. He thought to himself, "I'll get that, and the wife will be delighted." There was a crowd, and when the set was put up he bid for

it. It went up and up, until it got to \$40. Then only he and another bidder were in the field. They had it lively until it got up to \$30, when the rival weakened and the auctioneer called out : "No more, ma'am? Going, going, gone, to Mr. Johnson, at \$80." Then the other bidder rose up aud-

denly, took a look, screamed:
"My husband!" and fainted. They arrange before they go out in the morning now not to hunt in the same part of the town.

EXPERT BURGLARY Convict Tells How He Bobbet

Jones's Brooklyn Store. [Herald.] William Henderson alias "Patsy Carroll was yesterday tried for the second time in the Court of Sessions. Frooklyn, for the burglary in the dry-goods store of S. B. Jones, on Fulton Lebasor. ton, Johnson, and Washington streets. He was found guilty of burglary in the third degree and of grand larceny. Between half-past 11 on Saturday

night, November 27th, and noon the next day the store was entered through the floor above and the safe broker open and robbed of \$625. On the first trial the jury disagreed. John Travers atias Jack Talbot, who was arrested with Henderson a month after the robbery, escaped from the Adams Street police justice's court and was restreated three weeks ago, after perretrating a big robbery in Montreal and a still bigger one in Philadelphia. He pleaded guilty to the Jones burglary and was sent to Sing Sing for ten The incident of yesterday's trial was

the appearance of Jack Taibot as a witness for the defence. He was brought from Sing Sing on a writ and returned thither after his testimony was taken. He was dressed in a new suit of dark clothes and was very lively. He started out by saying that he had known Henderson, or Carroll, for six years.
"How often have you been engaged in jobs together?"

"A good many times." "Were you ever jointly indicted and convicted?" "Once, in 1883, for a burglary at No. 13 Burling slip."

CAREOLL NOT CONCERNED. "Did you engineer the Jones bur glary ?"
"I did, with two other men. Carroll

had nothing to do with it."
"Who were these two men?"
"O'Brien and Brennan. One is in a western prison and the other is in

The witness told the story of the bur-

Canada.

glary as follows: "At half-past 5 we came to Brooklyn. I found that there was an empty office next to the costumer's store, on the second floor, in which there was a lot of rubbish. I picked the office-door and called up the I put the tools in a packing-case that had paper in it. The costumer and his people were in the next room. I said to the men to walk gently. They came along and we climbed under a lot of ostrich-feathers. We could hear the costumer and his people moving around. We heard the bell on the door ring as people went to be the control of the bell on the door ring as people went.

out. The dust made one sick. Two boards had been knocked out of the partition, so that the costumer could use the empty office for lumber. At last I heard the costumer go out and lock the door. 'Now, boys,' I said, 'get out and take it easy.' I threw some cloaks on the floor and lay on them and smoked. The two men lay on the sofa. I knew Jones would be up about half-past 11, for I had watche, and I waited. There was a glass doe and I saw the tights go out. I waited till half-past 12.

IN ACTION.

"Then I went down stairs to the passage and tried to go through the brick wall. I bored with the dril, but the wall was too tough. I was going to scrape the brick away with a knife. I tore away two boards and lit a match and looked in. It was not the store. We held a consultation and determined to go through the floor. Then I ripped up the floor and kicked down the ceil-ing. We wanted a ladder. I went upstairs and found a thick rope. I got some thin cord off some cases and doubled up the big rope, so as to make steps between with the cord. Then I went down into the store and and tell me if any one came, so that I could stop hammering. Then I started

the safe and took the money."
"How did you open the safe?" asked
Judge Moore, who had listened to the stery with intense interest. "I ripped down the band."

"With these tools?" asked his coun sel, Lawyer J. A. Wernberg, indicating the sectional jimmy and other instru-ments of a felonious nature lying in front of the jury.

Talbot smiled and said, " Hand me

the thin wedge." Then he proceeded to show how he pried the safe open. "How long did it take you?" "About twenty-five minutes. A bag of money fell upon the floor. There was a satchel near by, and into it I put the money. Then the man up-stairs drew up the satchel, and we climbed

up the rope. It was then five minutes to three. I said to the men, 'It is dangereus to go now; we had better wait. as no one but policemen will be around.' I found the costumer's whiskroom, and we brushed ourselves Then we went up-stairs and washed ourselves. At daylight I said to the men, 'Go down stairs and be ready to start. Pull the top and bottom bolts and if the streets are clear I'll say, "Full her open." I opened the window a little and looked out. I saw a policeman on the corner. As soon as he went away I said, 'Pull her open.' THE PETREAT.
They did so and walked out, and l

followed. We went to Fulton street and crossed. A watchman was standing in Burt's doorway. I had the saichel slung over my shoulder. The officer looked at us and came to the curb. I drew out a cigar and lighted it, saying to the men, 'Stand still: there is a fellow on the other side, and we may have trouble.' The watchman walked away and we went across the bridge. The New York City-Hall clock was ten minutes to 7.' "Were you at Carroll's house that

day?"
"No, but I went there the next day Monday, to pry him money I owed him. "What money did you get out of the safe?

"I got \$180 in bills, \$65 in gold, and

the rest in silver."
"How much did you pay Carroll? "Carroll and I were arrested, and he put up for the lawyer, and I gave him my share of the expenses—\$200. I also gave him \$10, which I had borrow-

ed from him."
"Were you arrested?" "Two weeks later Carroll and I were arrested. We were taken before Judge Duffy, and then brought to Brooklyn before Justice Walsh. I escaped." AN ATTEMPTED ESCAPE.

"What did you do when you were put in a cell in Judge Walsh's court ? "I looked around to find a way to get out. I had picked up a knife in Raymond-Street jail. I saw a register in the wall, and I thought I might cut away the register and crawl up the flue I broke away the dampers, it was barred overhead. Then I made for the skylight. I set a bench on end and climbed up. I broke the glass with my fist and crawled away." Thomas F. Payne, a rigger, of No.

74 Oliver street, swore that at the time the prosecution proved that Henderson or Carroll was at the scene of the burglary on November 28th he was at his Ah! yours is a lesson indeed, bonny bird,
That, meet to my need, I have conned;
Lou've taught me a glorious creed, bonny bird,
To which I full-hearted respond,
Tho' lurid the skies overhead, tho' the gales
of a about me, the faith that no terror assails
Vill sing in my heart till it's freed, boany bird,
In the radiant neaven beyond. home in New York.

After the verdict had been rendered Carroll was remanded for sentence.

Sight and Smell of Birds. [Chambers's Journal.] A hawk can spy a lark upon a piece of

Prince Antoine Esterhazy de Galan earth almost exactly the same color at twenty times the distance it is perceptithe and Frince Joachim Charles of Hollenzollern, two of the great notables if the Austrian Court, and Viscount how Kwye Sim, of China, are expected this week at San Francisco. ble to a man or dog; a kite soaring out of buman sight can still distingush and pounce upon lizards and field-mice on the ground; and the distance at which

vultures and eagles can spy out their prey is almost incredible. Recent discoveries, and especially Darwin's observations, have inclined naturalists to the belief that birds of prey have not the acute sense of smell with which they were once accredited. Their acute sight seems better to account for their actions and they appear to be guided actions and they appear to be guided by sight alone, as they never sniff at anything, but dart straight at the object of their desire. Their counterparts in the ocean, however, undoubtedly see and smell equally well, but are more guided by smell than sight. In both chatls and rays the eyes are good, and have a most distinct expression; though since they seent their prey from a distance, and swim up to it with great rapidity, "smell," as Lac pedb says, "may be called their real eye." Emull, in Mr. Herbert Spencer's definition, is anticipatory taste, while sight is anticipatory touch; and the manner in which sight, as the dominating sense, is subtsituted for smell, the higher the evolution of the animal, is remarkably interesting follow, once the varieties of sight are understood, and both sight and smell are studied in connection with the perticular habits of the creature for which they were designed. Turn where we will, sight and organs of sight are everywhere adapted in the most perfect manner to the necessities of the animal world; and in realizing this fact we realize the truth of the words: "The first wonder is the off-spring of ignorance; the last is the parent of adoration."

An Important Discovery at Sidon.

About a mile northeast of the city, in an open field above the line of the gardens, was found a shaft, open at the top, about thirty feet square and thirtyfive or forty feet deep. When this was excavated doors were found on the four sides of the perpendicular walls leading to as many chambers. Entering the south one first, we found it about fifteen feet square, cut out of the solid rock, roof and sides all of rock. but a built wall between it and the court of shaft. Entering, two sarcophagi met the eye, the one on the right of black marble highly polished, with hid of peaked shape, very little ornament; the one on the left of purest white marble of dazzling briliancy and enormous size. Rememberng that we saw these only by the flickering light of a candle, and in an at-mosphere so dense with carbonic-acid gas that a candle held near the bottom went out and that one soon became faint, it will be easy to see that guesse at measurements may be very faulty. This sarcophagus was eleven feet

ng, five feet wide, and twelve feet h. The body was of one piece, and o the top of another solid block. he top was a grand arch of shining arble, the front of which was divide a line into two panels, and so the back. At the four sides were four pro-ections with noble lions heads. On sch panel was a symbolical figure, body wings, facing each other. Eclow on the front of the tomb, beneath a very cla seing each other and trampling on warrier who strove to defend himsels by a shield. On the sides, which were alike, were first two human figures with four spirited horses ahead of them some of the horses have their head turned back; and beneath the horses feet a lion on the one side and a boa or hyena on the other; then two more gures with four more horses.

At the back, in the upper part, were

igures, bodies of birds, heads of mer (if I remember aright) with beautifully extended wings; below, two Centaurs carrying a captured stag between them. The cleaks falling from the shoulders of these Centaers had lions' heads in the corners. One Centaur carries th He was born in Rehoboth, Mast., between sixty and sixty-five years ago. In 1844 he went to Providence, Ehodo Island. He began business in 1850, and subsequently took two younger brothers with him in partnership. Two perhows he started in trade at Majking. not see it. The workmanship of this was good, but not remarkable. A hole d been broken in the front through which the contents had been rided, but in general it was in a fine state of pre-servation. Three skeletons and five dogs' heads. From the long noses of the latter it is easy to infor they were

hunting dogs.

The east chamber had also two sarco hagi-one small and plain, but on the This was the finest thing I reember to have seen in stone. A Greek emple, formed of finest marble, tran-Incent as alabaster. The roof is slant-ng and carved to represent flat tiles, with strips of metal covering the joints end pretty carved knobs where these trips cross the ridge. At the ends of the ridges are carved ornaments. The

ides of the sarcopingus rise up above the caves.

On the upper projections was a representation of the funeral procession. nourning women, two horses without saddles or trappings, but with men welking by them. A chariot with four horses, man in the chariot, then four more horses drawing the funeral-car, more horses grawing the funeral-car, more figures. In front three digures above and three on a strip below, all symbolizing grief. This top is all of one piece, and has the right upper corner broken open in order to rifle the tomb. The reat beauty was the body of the tem

ole, with a porch of columns all abou it; and in the porch between these tood eighteen statues, about three fee n beight, not discolored nor touched by dirt, as beautiful as if finished yeserday, of the finest art, muscles and orm showed through the drapery. Fach one of these eighteen would be a gem of itself—not a scratch nor a flaw nywhere. All the carving on thi temple, cornices, friezes, columns, etc., in perfect lines, as perfect and sharp as could be wished. Be-low is a band covered with representaions of hunting scenes, etc. perfect view we could get of this was enough to fill us with enthusiasm. I cannot describe all the details-dragons, heads, mourners, etc.; thirty uman figures above this band, etc.

North room, plain sarcophagus. West room has four sarcophagi, which I have not yet seen.
I forgot to say that this temple has ted figures-cleaks, flowers, eyes with black pupils; paint mostly now one. West room is said to be the

finest of all. (For the Dispatch.) Acknowledgment. BY WADE WHIPPLE.
There's an icicle bangs on your coat, protty bird,
tor you neat little jacket of blue,
There's the liniest burr in your throat, pretty,

bird,
As it throbs with a glad talialoo;
But you peer thro' the mask that is nature's
to-day,
And you know what's beyond when the storm's

Till is cuts the keen air thro' and thro'. You've measured your wings in the storm, little bird,
And it's beaten you back to the caves,
It has quivered your frail little form, bouny bird,
Till your bosom in weariness heaves;
But there's something revealed where the cloud-curtain parts,
And again the sweet song from your fired throat starts.

passed away, And the picture gives joy to your note, pretty

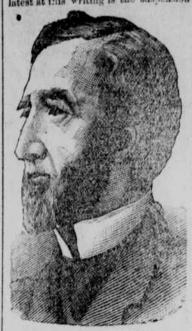
starts.
Till its glow makes your hear; quite as warm,
little bird.
As a nest amid sun-showered sheaves.

LOR SALE,

GROCERIES, &c.

ARTHUR WELLESCRY PEEL,

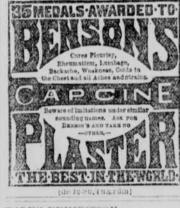
Speaker of the House of Commons. The discussion of the coercion bill in the House of Commons at Westminster is varied with exciting occurrences which render the news from the United Kingdom particularly interesting at the present time. Of these occurrences the latest at this writing is the suspension



of Mr. Healy, one of the Irish mem bers, who refused the request of the Speaker to withdraw the expression, after having called a fellow-member of the House a liar. From the reports which have reached America it is evident that "Mr. Speaker" acted with reluctance in "naming" Mr. Healy. His conduct on the subject appears to have been characterized by dignity, impartiality, and good feeling.

Arthur Wellesley Peel, Speaker of the House of Commons, is the younges son of the late Sir Robert Peel. He was born in the year 1829. After having taken the preparatory course at Eton ho was entered a student of Balliol College, Oxford, of which he is a graduate. The Speaker was thirty-six years old when he first entered the House of Commons as member for Warwick. He still repre sents the same constituency. From December, 1868, to January, 1871, he held a secretarial office in the Poor-Law Peard. Mr. Peel was secretary to the Board of Trade from 1871 to 1873, and Patronage Secretary to the Treasury in 1873-'74. During nine months in the year 1880 he was Under Secretary to the Home Department. On the retirement of Sir Henry Brand from the speakership of the House of Commons in 1884 Mr. Peel was elected to the vacant office, all parties cerdially agreeing in his support. After the election of 1836 he was preposed for re-election as Speaker by Lord Eandolph Churchill. Mr. Cladstone seconded the proposal, and the Four of the chairmanship in

The above portrait is an excellent ikeness of the man whose sometimes painful duty it is to guide the progress of detate in a legislative body now sere frequently stirred than previously in its history, perhaps since the reign of Cherles I., with the heat of party



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